

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH FIRESIDE PREACHER

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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THE TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER.

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

A Flint to the "Steele."	505	Does Spiritualism indicate a place of	518
Joseph Barker's Farewell letter.	506	Punishment beyond the grave.	518
New York Conference.	507	Barra on Spiritualism, in London.	519
Burning glasses.	507	Dr. Chalmers' lecture on Marriage.	519
Facts of former times.	508	Prof. Youmans' Lecture.	512
Spiritualism and Progression.	508	Letter from a man 71 years of age.	512
Progress in Religion.	508	Suggestions to the N. Y. Conference.	513
Manifestations in a dark circle.	509	"Beware of Hogs."	513
Excerpts of former Spiritualism.	509	Vision of Death (Poetry).	513
Apparitions of the Dying.	509	Interesting Miscellany.	513

Whoever receives this paper and is not a subscriber, may be assured that some kind friend who is desirous that he may become a patron, has taken the pains to furnish us with his address, with a request that we should mail him a copy, which we cheerfully do, hoping it will be the pleasure of the receiver to become a subscriber. Those who have written to us for a subscription to expire, may consider the receipt of this paper as a confirmation of the continuance of their patronage, and their cordial support of our cause.

Our correspondents of the three who would like to have this paper sent to them, are reminded that the special times in which these columns are chiefly devoted, are such as to render secular papers of little value to us. Nevertheless we shall be happy to send the paper to all journals which come to us with an occasional notice, marked.

This paper is not given to light reading, in the form of seductive and exciting stories; neither is it cramped by allegiance to any sect or party. On the contrary, it is the organ of a free interchange of experiences and aspirations, as connected with significant current phenomena, and is the vehicle of new and earnest thoughts, respectfully uttered to and from, on all subjects tending to instruct and elevate mankind. It is especially earnest in the evolution of truth tending to practical reforms in the social, moral, industrial, intellectual, governmental and religious departments of human life. Hence it rallies for its support on all those who are willing that truth shall prevail, and that practical righteousness shall be inaugurated among men. We recommend to all our patrons to keep and bind up these volumes for reference, and as the most important records of current unfoldments and the deepest, most earnest and most progressive thoughts of the age.

A FLINT TO THE "STEELE."

MR. PARTRIDGE: Sir—Having had occasion to write to you upon business, I will fill up my vacant space with a notice of a letter contained in the last number received, of your paper. It is addressed to Mr. Beecher, and is signed Horace Steele.

Accustomed, as I have long been, to see the sparks fly off in all directions from the anvil of your omnium gatherum paper, I was expecting some quaint critique upon the above luster of the American pulpit, calling him to task for not having crossed his t's or dotted his i's. The stricture, however, in this instance, had a much broader point than usual; it arraigned him for calling the Bible the "Word of God." Now I don't think that one so ruled as the accused, is likely to be much ruffled by such attacks; he would spread his broad pinions over bill and dale, and let the little birds scold at him if they would, but woe unto them if they get in his way. In so far, however, as he may have noticed this charge, he must have comforted himself that at least ninety-nine out of one hundred of his fellow reverends are standing at the same bar. Perhaps he and many of these will make your correspondent's impeachment the subject of their next sermon, even as I, who am no reverend, but a Spiritist of some twenty years standing, am making it the matter of a letter.

If this onslaught on the Bible were exceptional, I should hardly think it right to notice it, but it is becoming a rule with Spiritists to run it down, and inasmuch as few venture, or take the pains to protest, the assailants wax more and more bold. Thus, then—though God help me, they can no more affect the Word of God than they can

snuff out the sun—I am glad of this opportunity of having my say on the subject.

Let me, then, in the first place, suggest that a gift-horse should not be looked in the mouth. The old and new Testaments were given to make men wise unto salvation. When, therefore, it can be shown that they have failed in doing so, or that mankind would have been or would be better without them, it will be time to condemn them. In the mean time, as far as my own experience goes, and I have heard from at least five hundred voices of the Spirit world, not one has complained of the Bible. Many indeed have put wrong interpretations upon its texts, but that only to find the reality better than they had expected. Thus, instead of having to wait for some distant day (where or how none can say) in order to be judged, they have found that the judgment was in themselves, and they have forthwith gone to their own places. In the same way "everlasting fire" has been found to have only a moral application, the conscience, increased some hundred fold in keenness over what is felt on earth, (hence too, none in this world could have ever understood this tribulation, and some intelligible illustration was called for), has been found to be, in that sense, except in some aggravated cases, without a hope of final deliverance.

Such, then, being the all-sufficiency of this Word of God, it would seem almost superfluous to publish the argument. It is the fashion, however, to be dissatisfied with this text-book. High minds affect to look upon it as beneath them, or as an obstacle retarding their natural growth. They remind one of old Palmarus steering himself by the stars, or what they would call the book of nature. However, there were no compasses in the days of Virgil's old sailor, and the most that he could do was to hug the coasts of an inland sea; never, as far as I know, going beyond this. So then, is it with these modern navigators, for they have tossed their compasses overboard; and as for a pilot or a savior, they are doing their best to send him after it. Whether these now at sea will get farther ahead than their ancestor, remains to be seen.

It's a grand thing, all this independence. What can be more heroic than to toss up one's hat and shout, Britons never shall be slaves? There is a sort of jaunty arms-a-kimbo cap-on-one-side-air about it, which is so cock-a-hoop smart, and devil-may-careish. It puts me in mind of the time, for I can just remember it, when my pinature was taken off, and I was tossed into breeches; didn't I strut? Or when, some few years afterward I and my school-chum Jones, wishing to do fine, bought a penny cigar between us. We exchanged some three or four spasmodic puffs, whereupon my friend turned deadly pale, and gave in; I heroically whiffed out two or three more mouthfuls of smoke, and we staggered home with our brains in a whirl. Jones, who was bigger than I, looked up to me as his superior ever after. I never told him how sick I was for hours afterward; and mind, Mr. Partridge, you don't tell him either.

Well then, to be serious, this party, as a matter of course, is antagonistic to the Bible, and this, in its turn, is equally negative to them. Thus, if their wisdom never loses an opportunity of quibbling and nibbling at the sacred text, so do these confound their wisdom. More than this, when from questioning the divine origin of the written Word of God, they proceed to impugn that of the incarnate Word, representing Him as the natural son of Joseph, (if not of some other human father), in what way, let us ask, are such sapientious men? Is the Lord of heaven and earth bowed down, aggrieved, and in despair at

the imputation? Let us hear him. "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent." Nay, elsewhere we find him uttering these fearful words. "I pray not for the world." In like manner, also, the Apostle writes, "What have I to do to judge those who are without?" Then that are without God's judgment!

These are hard sayings, Mr. Partridge, and I can well understand how those who place themselves under their lash, are anxious to get rid of the book which dogs them. Can they do so? Will all the spirits called up from the vasty deep ever utter one syllable of it? Nay, you and your other brother Spiritists may bury your heads in the sand like an ostrich, and think to shut out the light of day. You may hug to your bosom your fond notions of progressive development; vain, dilly reasoning! Can that be with you and against you at the same time? There must be something wrong in your philosophy, and you and your party who pride yourselves upon your strong sense, must know it. You affect to look down upon those who stick to their text; you sit like speakers in that position, reading others' oracles. Beware! that a greater than Jeremiah's doom and doom be your candle out of its place.

Well, what then air cracker? I hear you say. And you can go on to broaden your cracker in our case? No, good friend; this is nonsense, and you know it. I know our God better than this. I know His inexhaustible goodness, and that whether in this world or in the next, He gives His rain to the unjust as well as to the just, and that His sun shines on all. The matter at issue is not about God, but about the conditions to receive His blessings, on which we place our selves. Let us reason this out; you are a good logician, as most of your articles show, and if I come to wrong conclusions, write me to show it.

Let us suppose two trees, or rather two sets of trees—cherry stones. You sow one and I the other; up they shoot, two fine, straight, round saplings. Well, about the fourth year, if the growth of my wild stock, having no faith in its progressive development, and knowing that its juices are rank, I lop off its head, and going to a neighbor who has some famous white-hearts I graft two twigs of these upon it. Meantime, you, whom we will suppose to deride all this book-wisdom about grafting, leave your tree to push out of itself, and perhaps laugh heartily at the poor figure my headless stock cuts by the side of yours. Not yet content with what I have done, I now get my neighbor to come and look to my graft from time to time; he digs, perhaps, round it, pours a little liquid manure over its roots, moistens the clay about the grafts, and does, in short, every thing that the most consummate skill dictates. Well, in short, these details, at last comes the fruit-time, and we both gather a cherry each from our respective trees. Why, my good friend, what a wry face you are making, what can be the matter? Matter? Why my cherry is as bitter as gall, what at least there is in it, for it is all skin and stone.

Now homely as is this illustration, I think it will answer our purpose, which is to show that, let your wild human nature develop itself and progress as much and as long as it will, yet, for a million years, it will be human still. But inasmuch as God, who is the divine nature (one as distinct from the human as this is from least-nature), do not purpose that man should always remain man, in grafted nature upon human nature in the person of Jesus Christ, as even

in this way acquired a stock capable of supplying drafts to the whole universe, he is willing to supply such to every one who applies for them in a proper spirit.

Thus, friend Partridge, I have not, as you see, sent you and your crew of progressive development into hell-fire, but I left you making a wry face, and, perhaps, envying my plump, juicy, red and yellow bigarons.

But it is full time to return to the letter of your worthy correspondent, Mr. Steele, and I have the more pleasure in replying to his judicious and pertinent remarks upon certain texts of the Bible, inasmuch as I have observed many of a similar kind, made not only in the *Telegraph*, but in other publications, and these, too, (somewhat to the reproach of those among you who are competent), have all been passed over without notice, howbeit that they were dictated by an earnest desire to know the truth.

These inquiries, then, are wont to select, certain passages of Holy Writ, which represent the Deity as having all the human passions, or, worse than this, the vices of our corrupted nature; or they point to conflicting texts, where God is found at one time repenting of His acts, and at another incapable of any change of purpose. These anomalies perplex the hasty readers of the Bible, and they naturally ask, can all this be "given by inspiration of God?"

Now this is not to be answered in a breath—two pages of letter-paper are rather scanty for so vast a subject. The most, then, that I can do is, to make a short general statement of the principles which govern the divine utterances of the Word of God, and then to string together a few illustrations.

There is a French saying to the effect that when we are among wolves we must howl; or to quote a more dignified precedent, we have the Apostle, saying that he is crafty, catching men by guile, or else he is all things to all men, a Jew to the Jews, preaching Christ to Christians, and God oricism to the God-unknowing Athenians.

This, then, is the plan of the whole Bible. As a general rule, and where the matter at issue is of small moment, it comes down and adapts itself to the capacities of its readers; it falls in with their little nursery notions, or it speaks according to the appearance rather than to the reality of things. Not being a treatise on astronomy, it is content to let men keep on thinking that the sun moves round the earth, for man can be saved in spite of such a philosophical heresy. Then, too, as said above, it lowers God to a human level, giving him all those petty, naughty attributes, which are such an offense to Mr. Steele, but if this latter will think a little on the subject, he will see that there was no choice between doing this, and being at all understood, and between throwing away fine phrases to the winds, or pearls to swine. In this way, then, God is described as angry, jealous, vindictive, unstable, creating evil, talking familiarly with satan, going down to see what men are doing, laughing at man's presumption, and doing many more such things, which are done on earth, but certainly no where else. So, too, was it with the mission of the incarnate Word. In the person of the Lord, we have God actually coming down to the human form, walking, talking, eating, drinking, sleeping and dying like us poor mortals. Aye, and so well, too, did he walk as man, that even in the present day He is taking in all the wickers of the earth who swear that He was nothing else. Reversing the fable, the lion got into the ass's skin, and the wise and prudent donkeys took him for one of themselves.

There is also another reason for all these disguises of the truth, as found in the letter of the Word. We have shown above that the Word of God is negative to the world. So far from pressing its mysteries upon outsiders, it hides them away, it prefers that they should remain in ignorance, rather than have a knowledge of things which, in the then state of their minds, they would be sure to profane. Neither party would gain at this game, and the Bible is written with such exceeding wisdom that it don't allow of it. It is so intolerably stupid and unphilosophical to those who have no interest in it, that they can make nothing of it; they vote it a bore, and all parties are satisfied.

I have no room, though I much desire, to say more; therefore, I will now put together a few passages illustrative of the above disguises, etc.

In the first place, then, taking the simplest saying of the kind that I can find: we have the Lord saying, "I am the door." This, then, is a figure of speech so extremely palpable, that no one can possibly accept it literally. No one can suppose that the Lord meant that he was a wooden door, painted green, with a brass knocker. Here, then, the door is a material representation of an idea.

"Jesus took bread, and said 'This is my body.'" This case is precisely similar. No one, with a grain of common sense, can think that the loaf which the Lord held in his hand was his body; consequently, the loaf was a material representation of an idea. The bread, let us say, represented love or goodness, which is the stuff of moral life, even as bread is the stuff of physical life. Love is food for the heart.

"And he took the cup and said, 'This is my blood.'" Evidently, the real blood of the Lord was in his veins, and therefore could not be in the cup at the same time. This blood, therefore, signifies something ideal—wisdom, for instance, or truth—food for the intellect. "I am the light of the world." This is a correspondence taken

from the sun. The Lord is the moral light, the sun is the physical. This figure of speech is so common with us that the verb to see is as much used in a physical as in a moral sense. Address once more the question to a man, and he will shut his eyes (in order to think the better, and then say, "I see."

Take up thy cross and follow me." None of our readers, we think, when doing this, as we hope they do, tack together two pieces of wood at right angles, and shoulder them as they would a market. We would much rather suppose that they have a moral injunction.

We will now look back into the Old Testament, and the most prominent of the material representations there to be found is certainly the deluge. We must own that we are delighted to here come to the rescue of poor geology, which, by proving that no such catastrophe as a swamp of water could ever have occurred at the period here stated, has run headlong into a nest of hornets, and been almost stung to death; in other words, the Bible literalists have pommelled it with their heavy flats till it is black and blue. For all this, however, geology is right; this catastrophe is a material representation of one church called Adam, and the birth of another called Noah.

We fear we are getting somewhat beyond the depth of the average reader; but this allusion to Adam suggests another of those representations, "likening spiritual to corporeal forms." A few words are first necessary. Names of all kinds, whether of men or places, are the things, perhaps, which are the most transformed when we look through the literal sense of the word into the true spiritual sense which lies within it; and when we come to consider that every name represents a principle of some kind, we can then form an idea of the immense flood of light which this interpretation sheds upon the word of God. In this way, every character, whether in the Old or New Testament disappears from the scene as completely as in a dissolving view. Peter, the man, vanishes, and the Christian church is found to be based not on him but on the principle—my faith or truth—which he personated; so the twelve Apostles will never sit upon twelve thrones; but the twelve cardinal virtues which they embodied will, or rather do, rule the church in the future. Nay, even the man Jesus himself is to be recognized no more in this general clearance. He retreats into his Godhead, becoming again the invisible, eternal principle which he was, is and will be forever. Alas for the man Jesus of Nazareth! those who cleave to him under this designation will look for him in the Spirit-world, as the sons of the prophets looked for Elijah, but they will not find him. A mist has received him, and that forever.

As, then, of the whole Bible so of the first three chapters of Genesis. These, when read with spiritual glasses, are found to be, instead of an indifferent, not to say an impossible history of a natural creation—a record of human progress dating from a state of blank barbarism, (without form and void,) to an apogee of mental excellence, such as man had never before reached in this planet, and to which he will not again revert for many a long century.

This perfect though not immutable humanity is what is called Adam, who is thus discovered to be not one man, but a celestial order whose excellence consisted in a rare perfection of heart or affectional qualities. Having, then, traced our early ancestors up to the utmost beauty of character then possible, (for it will be exceeded when the next great wave of progression rolls and towers up,) it will be easy to trace their decline. Gradually and painfully will the head, or the lust for knowledge, be seen to have extinguished those warm glowings of the heart, until in the reaction or oscillation which is inseparable from the things of time, and which, in this instance, was the heavier, as the fall of the pendulum was greater, the social concord rushed out into total anarchy, or, to use the scriptural figure, deluge, and the Adam "surely died."

I had purposed to review, from the same spiritual stand-point as the above, the whole history of the Jewish nation, which succeeded the Noah dynasty when this, in its turn, came to extinction, and to show how the Abrahamic family, "pejor avis," more degenerate still than their predecessors, came to grief when they crucified their Messiah; whereupon a system upon the ascendant was established. This spiritual age, too, is now passing away, and that with little less honor than the three preceding; and a fifth, which will be the involution of the age before the flood, is returning to us.

I doubt, however, whether this sort of reading will be to the taste of your readers, as also whether I may not be diverging too much from the object of this letter, which is simply to insist upon the divine origin of the Bible, and to demonstrate the uninterrupted harmony of this revolution of God. I know not whether my feeble testimony will have any effect upon my brother Spiritists, or whether it may make them pause in their present suicidal path of decrying and acting in independence of God's recorded and eternal words: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." They have even, in the letter I have here written, enough to warn them what will ensue if they persist in this waywardness; for, as says the Apostle, these histories were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of an age have come.

I have the honor to be, my dear sir,

Your humble servant for Christ's sake,
BRUSSELS, FRANCE, Jan. 11, 1866.

J. EMMETT

JOSEPH BARKER'S FAREWELL LETTER.

(Continued from p. 498.)

A word on Spiritualism. I have witnessed phenomena of late that have modified my views on this subject. That many of the mediums are impostors, and that many tales of wonderful unaccountable things are not facts, I once accounted for the conversion of Robert Owen to Spiritualism by the fact that he had reached the age when manhood gives place to second childhood. I was encouraged to attribute the conversion of his son, Robert Dale Owen, to political and political considerations. The conversion of others I accounted for by their ignorance or credulity. I not only doubted, but really disbelieved, all stories about strange and unaccountable phenomena. I regarded all Spiritualists as either deceivers or deceived. But I have witnessed phenomena of late of a very remarkable and really astounding character—phenomena that have satisfied me that master and learner measure perfectly exactness in becoming Spiritualists when they witness the like—that it is impossible for people generally to witness such phenomena without becoming Spiritualists, and that to ridicule Spiritualism, or charge them wholesale with deceit, or even easy inexcusable credulity, is neither wise nor just. I am not, as yet, a Spiritualist myself, and never may be; but I have some new discoveries to make before I can ever more ridicule Spiritualists, or suspect them, as a body, of either unusual ignorance and credulity, or of sinister or selfish motives. I am not going to trouble you and your readers with the details of my experience; I have seen nothing more wonderful than thousands of others say they have seen. All I have to say to my friends is, do not be above investigating Spiritualism; if you see nothing very strange and startling, do not hastily conclude that no one has seen anything of the kind; believe it possible that persecuted Spiritualists may be really sincere and disinterested, and that some of them, with their large and well-formed heads, may have intellect as well as honesty; look especially at the truthfulness and benevolent tendency of many of their doctrines, of a considerable part of their literature, and do not take sides with the clergy, our common enemies, in vilifying them. In short, I would bespeak for Spiritualism a kind, a candid consideration of their pretensions and principles.

And now as to the word *Infidel*. I do not like it; I do not approve it; and so far as I myself am concerned, I renounce it. I have always accepted it heretofore, but it does not mean or invoke, as the legions say, all that I am, nor indeed much that I am. It means, it invokes, no more than the rejection of the common doctrine of the divine authority of the Bible and religion. Now that, though a part of my character, is not one-half, nor one-tenth of it. I am a lover of science, an admirer of the beautiful and useful arts, a friend of literature, a patriot, a philanthropist, a hundred things, not one of which is implied in being an infidel. The word *Infidel* expresses twenty times more of what I am, or of what I aspire to be, than the word infidel, and I therefore infinitely prefer it. It does not, perhaps, express all I am, or all I wish and strive to be, but it expresses devotion to science, literature, art, virtue, politeness, courtesy, my family, my country, and my kind. It allows me even to favor religion, if any religion should ever be found in harmony with science, and conducive to the common good. It means, in fact, a practical, a philanthropic philosopher. All that the word infidel really means, a little and low compared with what the word *Secularist* means. I am not advising others to renounce the name infidel and adopt that of *Secularist*. I am only announcing what I feel called upon to do myself, and to state my reason for doing it. Let others adopt or accept what name they please; my name for the present is *Secularist*, and the reason in which I use it is that of a lover and opponent of all evil, and a promoter of all good. I am an infidel, I grant, just as I am an animal, a biped, but I am something more, and something better; and I prefer a designation that is not only true as far as it goes, but one that goes, if not far enough, much further than any other appropriate name.

I further think that the infidel association would do well to adopt measures for circulating such books as Buckle's History of Civilization, Carpenter's Physiology, Lyell's Principles of Geology, and every other first-rate book. The association might purchase fifty or a hundred copies of the publishers at little more than half price, and supply two copies to every branch at little more than the retail cost of one. By this means it would be promoting the improvement of the members of all the branches, and thus making it worth the while of liberals in every part of the country to join the association. I am sorry to see no signs of useful activity in the present committee of the association. I certainly expected that the committee would make itself felt by some kind of beneficent action in less than three months.

I would recommend young people in the country who wish to make themselves acquainted with science and literature, to write and form small libraries of first-rate books; and if they can find any existing association in the cities disposed to aid them in getting such books at a cheap rate, to have a convention and form a new association of their own. If I should return to this country I shall be glad to aid them in such an undertaking, and no existing association is prompt enough to anticipate me. If I remain in England, to organize a people's association for the supply of all the means of liberal and philosophic culture to youthful thinkers, will be a first and principal object. By suitable efforts, the number of well informed, virtuous, and able young men and women might be greatly increased, and innumerable benefits be thus conferred on coming generations.

I have often said in public, and I repeat it now, that I have no sympathy with any infidel who does not add to his infidelity a love of excellence. Persons who are merely rude, ignorant, coarse, vulgar, and impudent, are a different class. These are tolerable, but it would be nothing amiss if even these would come to glory in their defects, and try to improve their habits and manners. It is no virtue to be coarse, rude, and impudent, even in a republic. Political jobbers may flatter such people and encourage them in their ill manners for selfish ends, but those who have no other aim than the improvement and happiness of society will shrink from contact with impudent vulgarity, and will try to encourage virtuous refinement by transferring persons of cultivated tastes and manners for their associates. Some pretend that refinement is inconsistent with democracy. If it be so, democracy is inconsistent with the improvement and happiness of man.

I condemn nothing but what is a real injury to myself or others. The hurtful tendency of an action or a course of life is the measure

FACTS OF FORMER TIMES.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, Esq.: Since my first in reference to Rachel Baker, I see an extended account of her in "Barber's Historical Collections of New York," page 387, which it is well to refer to.

The same work, page 171, says that in the incursion made by Sir John Johnson and the Indians in the vicinity of Johnstown, Mr. Sampson Sammons and his three sons, all staunch Whigs, were captured by the enemy, and their dwellings laid in ashes. The elder Mr. Sammons and his youngest son, a youth of eighteen, were released by Sir John, but Sampson and Frederick, the other sons, were taken to Canada and confined in the fortress of Chamblée. From this place they made their escape, and after a series of dreadful sufferings, in their flight through the wilderness, arrived in safety among their friends. A long and interesting account of their adventures is given in Col. Stone's "Life of Brant." "A singular but well-attested occurrence," says Col. Stone, "closes this interesting personal narrative. The family of the elder Sammons had long given up Frederick as lost. On the morning after his arrival at Schenectady, he dispatched a letter to his father by the hand of an officer on his way to Philadelphia, who left it at the house of a Mr. Levi De Witt, five miles distant from the residence of the old gentleman. The same night on which the letter was thus left, Jacob dreamed that his brother was living, and that there was a letter from him at De Witt's announcing the joyful tidings. The dream was repeated twice, and the contents of the letter were so strongly impressed upon his mind, that he repeated what he believed was the very language on the ensuing morning, insisting that such a letter was at the place mentioned. The family, his father in particular, laughed at him for his credulity. Strong, however, in the belief that there was such a communication, he repaired to the place designated, and asked for the letter. Mr. De Witt looked for it, but replied there was none. Jacob requested a more thorough search, and behold, the letter was found behind a barrel where it had fallen. Jacob then requested Mr. De Witt to open the letter and examine while he recited its contents. He did so, and the dreamer repeated it word for word."

About forty years ago Mr. Sandiforth, of Peterborough, N. Y., formerly of Connecticut, dreamed of seeing a man in a wagon with two adult black coffins in it, drive along to his brother-in-law's house (whose wife was sick at the time, though not supposed dangerous), and get out and leave one there, and then drive to his house some distance from there on another road, and leave the other. His daughter being rather feeble, was slightly ill at the time, and he supposed the two black coffins indicated the deaths of his sister-in-law and daughter. Not long afterward the sister-in-law became worse, and finally died, and the daughter became quite well; but ere long the mother, then well, was taken down, and soon followed the sister-in-law. These two couple were very much attached to each other for a long time, and all four standing up together were married at one and the same time.

During the election campaign of 1840, at a mass meeting the battle-ground, I think, of Sandusky or Tippecanoe, in the midst of the same a large white-headed eagle, the emblem of our nation, came sailing along through the air at a great height, and remained some minutes poised directly over the assemblage, as if shedding its blessings for the welfare of the nation upon them (perhaps the blessings of a host of Spirit patriots and old soldiers), and then soared away to the south-east. Gen. Harrison was elected President of the United States; and who can show that this eagle had no connection with the event, or with the innumerable worthy patriots gone from earth that had sustained, and paid deference to, and fought under, *hoc signum*.

Eusebius says "that the emperor, Constantine the Great, recollecting that when his father adored only one God, continually prospered, rejected the worship of idols, and implored the aid of the Almighty, and such were the miraculous interpositions of heaven in his favor, that they would have appeared incredible, had he not received them from the emperor's own mouth, ratified with a solemn oath. The army having advanced within three miles of Rome, the emperor, employed in his devout ejaculations, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was declining, suddenly beheld a pillar of light in the heavens in the form of a cross, with this plain inscription on

or about it, in Greek, 'In this overcome.' He was greatly surprised at this strange sight, equally visible to the whole army, and equally wonderful. The officers and commanders, prompted by the soothsayers, considered it an auspicious omen, portending an unfortunate expedition, nor did the emperor understand it till the Saviour appeared to him in a vision, holding a cross in his hand, and commanding him to make a royal standard like that he had seen in the heavens, and cause it to be continually carried before his army, as an ensign both of victory and safety. Early the next morning Constantine informed his friends and officers of what he had seen in the night, and sending for proper workmen, described to them the form of the standard, which was accordingly made with the greatest art and magnificence," etc. This device he afterward bore upon his shield, and upon his coins, many of which are now extant.

Not long after this, he engaged Maxentius, and defeated him, entering Rome in triumph. He seems, furthermore, to have often been warned in dreams and visions of the operations of his enemies.

Joan of Arc seems to have been spiritually directed and influenced. Madame Guyon and Fenelon seem to have been full of spiritual influence and experiences.

D. S. KIMBALL, M. D.

SPIRITUALISM AND PROGRESSION.

BROTHER PARTRIDGE: When I last wrote to you I was basking in the balmy breezes of the "sunny South," where I had promised myself a sojourn of at least a few weeks; yet how true the saying, "that man proposes but God disposes;" for I had scarce been there four days, when the excited state of feeling in the beautiful City of Macon hatched up a committee, which committee very promptly waited upon me at my room, (which I had scarcely left to visit one patient, and to come and go to and from my hotel), and in an emphatic manner, not to be misunderstood, gave me a hint that I must depart the City of Macon. Subsequently said committee, upon further consultation with the loyal citizens of Macon, again made me the object of their kind attentions, and further advised me to leave the South. Of course you can not but agree with me when I assure you that I was much surprised to find myself an object of so much attention, considering that I was only an humble medium, stopping merely for a few days to endeavor to relieve the sick and afflicted who might, through the instrumentality of Spirits, be persuaded to call upon me and solicit my services.

My surprise was not in the least abated to know that this same committee call themselves Spiritualists. So it would seem that there are Southern Spiritualists as well as Northern Spiritualists; and that Spiritualism South and Spiritualism North have opposite significations, and that Southern Spiritualists have not a universal fraternal feeling for Northern Spiritualists, but generally look upon the latter as being Abolition fanatics. Although I stood ready to redeem myself from the heinous charge of fanaticism, nevertheless, I was, upon that charge, condemned without a hearing, and, like Stephen of old, thrust out of the city; true, without, like him, being stoned, yet it was very plainly intimated to me that unless I would leave upon the next train for the North, such a thing might be meted out to me. Not wishing to be the cause of a commotion in Macon, I accordingly obeyed as early as I could, and in three days arrived safely in the beautiful, stirring City of Indianapolis, where I shall employ my time for a few weeks in writing an essay upon the present state of political affairs of this Union, which will soon be followed (God being willing) by another inspirational work entitled "The Olive Branch of Peace; or, The Healing of the Nation." For further particulars I refer the reader to your advertising columns.

It is true that said committee of Spiritualists did give me a hearing on Spiritualism, and condemned me as an impostor, simply because I (not I but the Spirits) would not give them tests. Notwithstanding, I had said repeatedly (and had even published the same in the *Georgia Citizen*) that I was not a test medium, but that my mission was to heal and explain. And yet, notwithstanding Dr. Radwan had just preceded me there, and had satisfied many with tests, yet they cried, "We demand a test of you."

And all this they demanded without even as much as offer-

ing me a dime in return, or even inviting me into their homes. Yet I can cheerfully say, before man and in the sight of God, I have not the slightest unkind feeling toward one of them. I know that they, like those who persecuted the prophets of old, do it ignorantly; and as I never thought an unkind thought toward them. I can cheerfully say I love them, without even having to say I forgive them. They have not harmed me, therefore there is nothing for them to ask my forgiveness for. May God, in his infinite love and mercy, bless them, and lead them gently in the paths of peace and truth. And should one of those kind though mistaken friends ever have the pleasure to peruse this communication, let me assure him that I long for the time to come when I can take him or them by the hand and say, "May God Almighty bless you."

The sick and afflicted had just begun to find me out, and demand my services, when I was compelled to tear myself from them. I, nevertheless, had the pleasure of being called to visit two patients, for whom I did what I could during my short stay, making no charge at all for my services. But I shall feel richly rewarded if God and his angel messengers shall bless my work. One patient was a sweet child of eight years, who had been ailing for, I believe, about four years, and had been pronounced incurable by many of the physicians who had been called to visit him. I left him recovering rapidly. Receiving no money there, and not having enough to pay the expenses of myself and that of my little friends, (the musical mediums of whom I made mention in a former article), I had very reluctantly to leave them to shift for themselves. I am not, however, in the least uneasy for them, because their musical attainments will earn them a livelihood wherever they may chance to go. Beside, I am as well satisfied that they have Spirit guides as I am that I have myself.

And now, before I close, I wish to say a word in reference to my conduct while in Macon. That my behavior was unexceptional during my entire stay in Macon I can abundantly prove by my esteemed friend, Dr. J. L. Andrews, the able editor of the *Southern Spiritualist*, who upon all occasions treated me as a friend and brother, for which he shall ever have my kindest regard. May God reward him for an only son.

I regret to say that I find the hearts of many Spiritualists failing them; and others I find who think that further progress in spiritual things and spiritual revelations is about to cease. I find many who have formerly been liberal and profuse in aiding on the servants of God and truth, now growing lukewarm, and even regretting that Spiritualism has already cost them so many dollars and cents. Of course, I shall be excused for not mentioning names. Hence I have traveled within the last two months over fifteen hundred miles, engaged in this great cause, and every dollar of the expense has been defrayed out of my own pocket. And, thank God, it goes as free as air while it lasts. I only have to regret that I have not been able to do more good; for the enjoyment of doing good is indeed a pleasure that "this world can neither give nor take away." I am, very truly, your brother and fellow-laborer in the cause of truth and progress, THOMAS W. COOK.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 25, 1866.

PROGRESS IN RELIGION.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan., 1866.

Mr. Partridge: Whoever will take the trouble to examine the religion of the day and compare it with that of the past, will find that we are not retrograding, but progressing onward toward that goal of finite perfection at which we believe man will ultimately arrive. We do not say that Spiritualism is the highest point of perfection to be reached, nor does Spiritualism teach the highest code of morals that can be conceived. Spiritualism is emphatically the religion of to-day. It has agitated men's minds during the last eight or ten years more than previously, because men, during that time, have been better prepared to receive the great truths that it teaches.

In all ages of the world, the religious sentiment will be found to correspond to the development of the intelligence in man. This doctrine will certainly jar with a certain class of minds who, unfortunately for themselves, still believe that man was created perfect. We say unfortunately, because the contrary can be proved to a certainty. Let us take a glance at it. Have not all marked the progress in material things? Note the progress of science—astronomy, for instance. What

a limited view the ancients had of the heavenly bodies! and how absurd their belief that the stars were all the same distance from our planet. They believed that they were fixed in the arch above them, without motion and without orbits. To-day, for every one star they saw, we can count millions rolling noiselessly in beautiful harmony. They believed the earth to be a great flat mass, standing on pillars—the center of the universe. To-day we can calculate, with mathematical precision, the magnitude and distance of the planets. With proper instruments, we can see the mountains and valleys on the surfaces of those planets. We no longer speak of the ends of the earth; neither do we entertain the vague ideas of the sun and moon standing still. Why? it may be asked. Because, owing to the laws of progress and the intellectual and moral development of mankind, we can see and understand to-day that God only works through natural laws which know no change. So with geology, which, until a recent time, was unknown. Look at it now. That same science teaches us to-day that the earth, instead of being six thousand years in existence, has perhaps existed as many millions of years. It is the same with medicine. In ancient times the art of healing consisted mostly in appealing to the marvelousness of the sick. After passing through various grades of progress, it has finally arrived at its present highly-developed state. Alchemy, also, was the parent of chemistry, as astrology was that of astronomy.

A like progress is to be seen in religion. * * * *

WILLIAM MARKHAM.

MANIFESTATIONS IN A DARK CIRCLE.

MR. PARTRIDGE: I believe Spiritualism is going to be one of the greatest engines of progress and revolution the world has ever seen; for if Spirits have the power to create physical forms, and to move dead matter, in circles, what may they not do under other circumstances?

As you ask for facts, I will give some which occurred in a dark circle held at Mr. Conklin's in Broadway a year or two ago. I belonged to the circle which met every week for over a year (privately) to see what we could get; we generally sat with joined hands, and sometimes there was light enough in the room to see each other, and to see objects moved about the room by Spirits. The circle consisted of seven or eight persons. We had two tin horns, a guitar, an accordeon and bell. At one of these circles a clock was taken off the shelf by the Spirits and stopped, then set upon the table, and set a going for a moment, and then set back again to its place on the shelf, and set a going. One evening I laid a flute on the table to see if they would play on it; this they did not do, but they took it to pieces, and put some parts of it in the pockets of some of the members of the circle. One of the circle had some hazel nuts in his pocket, which were taken out by the Spirits, and thrown on the table. One night a chair was brought from a back part of the room by a Spirit, and put on the table, and the heavy table was often lifted clear from the floor, and made to answer questions by stamping its legs all at once on the floor. The accordeon was often played on by the Spirits while moving through the air, and it was taken off the table, and put under it, and then played upon. The bell was often taken up by the Spirits, and rung, and thrown on the floor.

I believe that Spirits have far more power for developing mediums in the dark than in the light, and that soft, sympathetic music, is a very great

I believe that the most wonderful things done in circles by Spirits have never yet been given to the world. I believe that Spirits have the power, through some mediums, of creating whole human physical forms, and clothing them; and why not, on the same principle as the creating of a physical hand? One night at this circle my chair was pulled back from the table a foot or two, and then shoved up again, and two of the circle were taken hold of by the Spirits, and pulled over, chair and all, upon the floor backward, and then set back again to the table. One evening my shoe and stocking were taken off by the Spirits under the table; in getting off the shoe they did not stop to untie the string, but pulled and twisted it until the string broke, and then grabbed stocking and all. While this operation was going on, I distinctly felt two hands at work at the foot, one at the toe and heel. I put down my hand to see

if I could catch hold of the hands, but they were too quick for me; I felt the fingers, but could not get hold of the hands.

At another time my India rubber shoe was taken off by Spirits, and there were two hands at work at this as before, one at the heel, and one at the toe. In getting it off, they tore the upper part before they could disengage it from the foot. This time I felt two hands at work, and tried to get hold of them, but did not succeed. Another member of the circle had his boots and stockings taken off at the same time. These hands have been felt of, and shook, as any natural hand may be, many times by different persons in the circle. Sometimes there appeared to be infant hands in the circle, and hands belonging to different Spirits of different ages and sizes. To me they all felt as warm and natural as any hand in the form.

One night I asked the Spirits to touch me on the head; immediately a hand and arm as far as the elbow, with a sleeve on, came across my head and face with quoth force and power as to remove all desire forever being touched in that way again. This arm and sleeve were quite common in this circle at this time. I have often heard in this circle what appeared to be a whole human form moving about, and slightly rubbing against the back of the chairs; others heard the same, and I am of the opinion that there was a figure or Spirit-form, with a projected physical body for the time being, to perform these things.

At one sitting a terrible voice appeared to come from a door which led into another room. This was a voice of tremulous horror and despair, such as to frighten some of us. It appeared to be a person in utter despair and agonizing torment. We had no more manifestations that evening. The voice evidently came through one of the trumpets, as we often had all kinds of strange noises through these horns from the Spirits. Sometimes they would bid us good evening in an audible voice, and answer questions, and speak sentences through them, as well as thump us over the head and different parts of the body with them. I have often seen these horns going about the room without any visible moving power. The guitar was often played on while moving through the atmosphere over head. A cat was one night picked up from the floor, and laid very gently on the table by a Spirit. An empty bottle was put on the table one night. A picture was taken out of the room by a Spirit, and carried up to the next block, and into the house, and hung on the door of a room, and many other manifestations of Spirit-presence and power occurred at these circles, which go to prove the immortality of the soul! beyond all doubt.

G. T. M.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1860.

EXCERPTS OF FORMER SPIRITUALISM.

COLLECTED BY J. M. J., 51 GREENWICH STREET.

In 1695, said the priest, being a scholar, I formed an acquaintance with two sons of Abaquene, a lawyer. The eldest was of my age; the other some months younger. This last was called Desfontaines. I liked him better than I did his brother. A year after this, as we were walking in the cloister of the Capuchins, Desfontaines said he had a favor to ask which he earnestly desired. This was, that I would make him a promise that the first who died should return and inform his friend of his situation. But I said I never would consent. He often asked me afterwards. At last, in 1696, at the end of August, as he was about to pursue his studies at Caen, he pressed me, with tears in his eyes, and I consented. He produced a paper written in blood, in which he promised, in case of death, to return and tell me his situation; while, in the other, I made the same promise. He was delighted, and embraced me with thanks. Our separation caused mutual regret. We often wrote, but six weeks had elapsed since I had received a letter. On the 31st of July, 1697, (it was Thursday,) M. de Sertoville desired me to go to a meadow to hasten his servants, who were making hay. I was there about two o'clock P. M. when I felt myself, as it were, stunned and very weak. I was obliged to sit down on some hay until I recovered. On the morrow, at the same time, I went there again with a boy. I felt the same weakness. This also passed away; but I did not sleep that night. On the 2d of August, being in the loft where they put the hay, at the same hour, I was seized with giddiness; I fainted away. When asked what was the matter.

I answered: "I have seen what I would never have believed." I was descending the ladder, when I saw Desfontaines at the bottom of it. The weakness returned and I again fainted. I was seated on a beam when I came to my senses. Desfontaines took me by the arm and led me into a by-street. The servants saw me go, and thought I was talking to myself. M. de Sertoville thought I was drunk, as he heard me talk, without seeing my companion. "I have pledged my word to you," said Desfontaines, "that if I died before you, I should give you information. I was drowned the day before yesterday in the river of Caen, about this hour. I was walking with comrades; we proposed to bathe; I became faint, and I sunk to the bottom. The Abbe de Menil plunged in to bring me up; I seized his foot; for his own safety, he shook me off, and gave me a blow on the breast."

He told me many things. The voice was the same: he was calm and tranquil; on his forehead appeared a paper which contained some writing; I could only read the words, "In sen." He wished me to tell his brother certain things to be repeated to his parents. He desired me to say the Seven Psalms, enjoined to him as a penitence on the preceding Sunday. He then bid me adieu, saying "Jusques," his usual word, when we quitted each other. He described the spot where he was drowned and a tree where he cut some words, and afterwards I pointed out the spot and went straight to the tree. His comrade said that the penitence of the Seven Psalms was true. He appeared to me on several occasions, always preceded by a faintness. He talked a long time, but would not answer any of the questions. One morning, when I was going to the church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, he again appeared, but for a short space, always saying when we parted, "Jusques, jusques."

It is a remarkable circumstance that I always felt a pain in that part of the arm where he had held me the first time, till I had spoken to his brother; nor did I sleep during three nights, from the effects of my astonishment. Immediately after the first conversation, I told Varawille, my neighbor, that Desfontaines was drowned, and that he had appeared to me and told me so. He ran to the relations to know if it were so. News had been received, but, by a mistake, he thought it was the elder brother. He assured me that he had read the letter, and knew it was so. I told him that it could not be, as Desfontaines had showed himself to me just before. He soon returned and told me, with tears, that it was true. Mr. Beaul was a well-known character for probity and sincerity.

APPARITIONS OF THE DYING.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 8, 1860.

MR. PARTRIDGE: Dear Sir—Believing that spiritual facts are always acceptable to you, I send the following, which may be implicitly relied upon: Many years ago, Mr. B—— S——, residing near Holmesburg, whose wife was lying ill of consumption, had to visit Philadelphia on business. On his way home he encountered several companions, and while walking along with them, he suddenly exclaimed, "My wife is dead. For I have seen her by the roadside!" The time was noted down, and on arriving at home, he found that his wife was indeed dead. He learned that, at the time noted, she rose up in bed, extended her arms, and exclaimed, "Oh! that I could see Benjamin," her husband, then fell back and expired. This circumstance made a deep impression on the mind of Mr. S——, and convinced him of the immortality of the soul, in which he had previously been a total unbeliever.

One day, about twelve o'clock, some three years ago, as my sister was leaving her place of business, she met in the entry way a female friend, whom she had not seen or heard of for several years. She expressed some surprise at seeing the lady, and extended her hand, when she instantly vanished. On another occasion, while busily employed in her room she looked up and beheld a gentleman standing before her; with whom she had recently become acquainted. She was somewhat astonished at his entering so unceremoniously. She turned her head away for a moment, and, on looking again, he disappeared. This was at two o'clock. She afterward learned that at that time he was in a dying condition, and at five o'clock he died. I will merely observe that my sister is quite skeptical in regard to the spiritual phenomena.

Yours for truth,

JOHN H. BROWN.



CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Editor and Proprietor.

Publishing Office, (Daily Times Building,) 37 City Hall Square, Room 22

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

DOES SPIRITUALISM

INCUITE A PLACE OF PUNISHMENT BEYOND THE GRAVE?

A brother in Fairport, Me., asks the above question, and wishes it answered in this paper. We answer *No!* It does not teach that there are but *two* places in the Spirit world, one a very good place, and the other a very bad, uncomfortable place, and that all persons go to one or the other of these places. On the contrary, it teaches that Spirits need not go at all; that death is not a going away, but a change in relations of life—that is to say, the Spirit ceases to use the body, (the instrument of its manifestation), and seeks other instrumentalities through which to manifest itself and to commune with other intelligences.

The Bible speaks of a house of many mansions in the heavens. Christians allow that there are two apartments in this house, and that one of the apartments is a very comfortable place to live in, and the other is exceedingly uncomfortable. Spiritualism teaches that the house is bigger and has more apartments—indeed, that there is an apartment for every human being; that is to say, that there are innumerable varieties of relations, conditions, and degrees of human life and characteristics. We observe these all around us. No two men are alike; no two think alike, or act alike. Each constitutes a sphere or individual world. An essential man is but one of the infinitude of points and relations where life intelligence, creative genius, and consciousness blend; and these specific convergences constitute, respectively, the "mansions" or the peculiar departments to which they belong. So long as a man lives in his own apartment, he is comfortable and happy; but if he tries to get into some other person's house or apartment, he gets into trouble. He first does violence to his own life, and the relations out of which he became a conscious being, and trespasses on those of his neighbor. Of course there is "war in heaven" at once, and these disturbed apartments at once become uncomfortable. Harmonious relations are interfered with, and these intelligent life-points are infringed upon—are "damned;" that is to say, the harmonious flow of genial life is *damned* up in some of its arteries. The circulation and pulsation from this intelligent life-entity do not freely thrill and flow through his whole being and relations.

Humanity may be likened to a great and complicated machine, and a man to a cogwheel, which, while in order, runs in connection with many other cogwheels, but if one breaks or gets out of order, the whole machine runs badly, and is more or less in jeopardy. Does not this fairly represent what we see and experience in the earthly relations of men? Death frees man from his more external relations where the chief friction and disorder occur, and we believe it enables man to better know his place and use, and to have more patience and earnestness in performing his use. He occupies more and more his own apartment in contentment, and he better realizes what his real relations and needs are. He performs his use with less friction; hence he is more harmonious and happy.

It is difficult to take out or to change the cogwheels in a machine which are of various sizes, and yet have the machine work without friction. Equally so, it is impossible for a man to be contented and happy when he is out of gear, out of place, neglecting his needs and uses, and violating his relations. Men can no more properly change their natural places and relations than can cogwheels of different size and shape in a machine be changed, and the machine still work well.

It is useless, therefore, for a man to aspire to another's place, for if he seemingly, in the external, obtains it, he is miserable in it. Hence a man is the most happy and useful in his own apartment of the great house of many mansions, which

house fills immensity. Men on earth should strive to live in the apartment which is made and fashioned for them by the same which give them being. Every man is happy or unhappy in forces the degree that he is in or out of place, whether in this world or in that which is to come.

We say this not as an oracle of Spiritualism, or its manifestations, to any body except our humble selves. In our Church each man speaks for himself, and no man for another.

T. L. HARRIS ON SPIRITUALISM, IN LONDON.

From the (London) Times of Jan. 10, 1860.

Given in the memory of our readers must be the vigorous of a few of Spiritualism addressed to us a few weeks ago by Mr. William Howitt. These whom it did not quite convince—and we think we may, without disparagement to Mr. Howitt, suppose the existence of a few such individuals—must concede to the writer the credit due to sincere conviction, perfect honesty of intention, and a faith in the unrevealed mysteries of creation not inconsistent with the creed either of the philosopher or the Christian. For our part we have never intended to cast ridicule upon the honest believers in Spiritualism, or the honest believers in anything else; and if anything that we have written has been construed to that effect, we are sorry for it. Although our own experience and the results of our investigations have not sufficed to make us converts, we are, nevertheless, too much impressed with the evidence which has been brought under our notice, to treat the matter with the slightest approach to disrespect. We wish this to be clearly understood; for we would not have it supposed that we are otherwise than perfectly open to evidence and opportunities for investigation, from whatever quarter they may be afforded.

Having thus cleared our conscience, we are sorry to perceive that all is not peace in the camp of Spiritualism. In his letter to me, Mr. Howitt particularly recommended those who were desirous of hearing the theory defended, to go and hear an American preacher, now in this country. Owing to an error of the press, the name of this gentleman was given as Davies; but from a subsequent correction it appeared that the real person was the Rev. Mr. Harris, a Swollen-brian minister, who has for many years been an avowed believer and practitioner of Spiritualism, and has, upon many occasions, publicly professed that belief, and carried it into effect. Now it would seem that Mr. Harris announced a sermon "On Spiritualism," to be preached at the Edward Street Institution, Portman Square, on Sunday last; and, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, attracted a large audience, including most of the leading Spiritualists in or near London. The astonishment of these good folks may be, however, more easily imagined than described, when they found that *this time* Mr. Harris was not for, but against Spiritualism. A writer in the *Morning Advertiser*, who went, not as a believer, but as an inquirer, in the hope of hearing "the most masterly vindication of Spiritualism that could be given," and with a view to getting new arguments to grapple with "this latest and most insidious form of Pantheism," was delighted and astonished to behold Mr. Harris denounce the "rappings, table-jumping, seances, circles, mediumism and so forth." According to the witness, Mr. Harris professed his belief that this Spiritualism, in which he has for fifteen years believed, "is the *work* of a diabolical agency."

"He said that he himself was a living proof of the danger, mentally and physically, of cultivating the so-called science of Spiritualism." He mentioned that, only a few years ago, it had taken so absorbing a possession of his mind, and had obtained so complete a mastery over him, that it gave rigidity to the muscles of his frame, and a terrible morbidly expression to his countenance. He added that he had seen and known many others—excellent and amiable persons—before they became Spiritualists—from whom the power "which the diabolical system had acquired over them had taken away their appetites, had unfitted them for the ordinary duties of life, crushed all their energies, mental and physical, deprived them of sleep at night, and caused their bodies to waste away, as if the victim of some fell disease which set all medical skill at defiance. Others he had known and even, whose arms and legs had become as cold and rigid as those of a marble statue, while the expression of their countenances was so horrible as more to resemble those of demons than of human beings. The Spiritualists of America, he further stated, are not only as a body Pantheists, rejecting alike the idea of the Scriptures as a Divine revelation, and the existence of a God, but that they are gross sensualists, and utterly immoral in their conduct in all the relations of life."

Much more followed in the same strain—if possible, even more violent and more illogical. The Spiritualists according to Mr. Harris, are among the most immoral of mankind; they are in reality a body of pagans, worshipping obscene, and in every respect grossly licentious deities. We can only say, that if Mr. Harris talked half the nonsense here set down for him, his opposition to Spiritualism must have been as little satisfactory to a patient inquirer as his testimony in favor of it was previously gratifying to Mr. Harris. To denounce phenomena as the work of "diabolical agency" is an old device of the intolerant since first the truths of science began to dawn upon the world. Perhaps, however, even the defection of Mr. Harris from the cause which he has so long espoused, may be capable of explanation, and we shall be glad to hear more on the subject. In the mean time, however, Mr. Howitt will not be so enthusiastic in his recommendations of his testimony.

If all persons who have heard, or may hear, Brother Harris, and if those who read the above article and others of like character which may be published, knew the peculiarities of Mr. H. as well as do those who have been most intimate with him during the last fifteen years, it would be unnecessary to make any reply to his unsparing denunciations of all those who do not accept him as their oracle and labor to help him magnify his assumed office. But those unfamiliar with him do not know his weaknesses; besides, he goes out from us to a foreign land under the insignia of a "Reverend," and to the

brothers and friends of the same general cause throughout the whole of the great body of Spiritualists in America as pantheists, rejecting alike the idea of the Scriptures as a Divine revelation, and the existence of a God, and as gross sensualists, and immoral in their conduct, in all the relations of life."

These are grave charges; and it is not to be supposed that a brother would prefer them in a foreign land without a cause. What, then, is the cause? If the charges were true, could it be contrary to the genius of the new dispensation to magnify human delinquencies to the neighbor, and much more to do this in a foreign land, where there is little or no opportunity for the accused to be heard in defense. But the great body of Spiritualists in America deny, severally and singularly, the charges preferred against them by Bro. Harris. Each one claims for himself the same right to investigate and determine whether the Scriptures are plenary or partial revelations of Divine truth, which Mr. Harris has exercised for himself, but they do not recognize Mr. Harris's proclivities to dictate for their acceptance his peculiar views as Divine truth, and here is the rock of offense, and the sole ground of his charges.

The Spiritualists' creed, if they have any, respecting the Divine rights and duties of man as to faith, knowledge and conduct, is that each person shall be permitted to observe, experience, reflect, reason, and judge of the truth for himself. Truth, rather than man, is their oracle. We can conceive of no objections to this, except by those aspiring to be oracles. Spiritualists of America have no inquisitions to try men's faith and conduct—to accept or reject men; but only men, who claims to believe that Spirits communicate with mortals, by common consent, called a Spiritualist. Consequently, there may be Spiritualists who are otherwise pantheists and sensualists; and so, perhaps, there may be some persons who do not believe in Divine revelations precisely as Bro. Harris touches them; but what authority does a man derive from these facts to denounce the great body of Spiritualists in America as pantheists, sensualists and deniers of Divine revelations? We only put the question, and leave others to answer.

The great body of Spiritualists in America has many members, some of whom saw great light, and heard Spirit-voices, while persecuting Christians. Some who were *swarm* all over with sores and wounds have said, "Lord, I believe." The halo of the new dispensation has not healed them all up, but it has done much, and is hopeful for the balance; and there seems no occasion or justice in turning and rending it. But these accusations against Spiritualists are but a duplicate of those the same brother has often preferred against the "infidel" denomination to which he is indebted for the insignia of Reverend, which he cherishes and even uses to sanctify his denunciations of them.

While Brother Harris was settled over the Universalist Society in Elizabeth-street, in this city, some fourteen years ago, more or less, he became infatuated with the revelations which were then being given through Andrew Jackson Davis, and when these revelations were published under the title of "Nature's Divine Revelations," Mr. Harris asked leave of absence from his society to go to Europe for his health, which leave the society generously granted; but instead of going to Europe, Mr. H. went to Ohio and other Western States, lecturing, not for the Divine Revelations of the Bible, but for "Nature's Divine Revelations," by Andrew Jackson Davis. The society continued their leave of absence, and subsequently settled Rev. E. H. Chapin. Brother Harris subsequently relinquished his ardor for "Nature's Divine Revelations," and has since denounced it and Mr. Davis as cordially and fully as he has the Universalists and Spiritualists.

Brother Harris subsequently tried to build up a society to sustain his preaching in this city. His meetings were held for some time in the Coliseum. He preached to the Spiritualists, and afterward preached them out, and his erratic preaching caused a constant change of hearers, and the meetings there were not sustained. He subsequently commenced preaching in the Stayesant Institute, and while laboring here he tried to acquaint himself with the dynamics of matter and mind, and to show the possibility of Spirit intercourse. During this time, one Dr. Scott, who had been a Baptist minister, discovered that singular phenomena occurred in the presence of a

Mrs. Benedict, then residing in Auburn, N. Y. In the presence of Mrs. Benedict slight raps occurred, and St. Paul purported to communicate. The idea that St. Paul could and would condescend to speak through a mortal, much excited Mr. Harris, and arrangements were made for Mrs. Benedict and Dr. Scott to come to Mr. Harris' boarding place in Brooklyn, and deliver the oracles of St. Paul to twelve chosen persons, and, if possible, that St. Paul should develop or remodel Mr. Harris so that he should be henceforth Paul's oracle to the world. Dr. Scott also became infatuated with the ambition of being a medium for some of the Apostles, and they fancied that St. John accepted his offer; and they supposed that St. Paul and St. John and other Apostles henceforth communicated through them.

It would make this article too lengthy to give the minutiae of the dramatic performances to which these men subjected themselves to secure these mediatorial offices. It is sufficient to say that these men worked themselves into the persuasion that they had been chosen by God, Christ and the Apostles as the mediums for their oracles to mankind, and under the flattering unctious of this persuasion, they set about gathering together the elect, and traveling westward to a land sufficiently pure for the influx and efflux of Divine wisdom. They induced a small company to take up their beds and follow them to Mountain Cove, Virginia, where they made purchases and settled. Here they established the "*Mountain Cove Journal*," and through its columns they gave, as they supposed, supernatural wisdom of God, Christ and the Apostles to the world; and it was very generally conceded that it might be supernatural wisdom, since no mortal could comprehend it. In about two years or less, we believe, this community broke up in great confusion, amidst the criminations, and recriminations, and denunciations which have generally attended the various changes in Bro. Harris's enterprises and views.

Mr. Harris then returned to this city, and the Spiritualists received him as it becomes a father to receive a prodigal son, and invited him to lecture for them, and procured the hall in the Medical College for that purpose. Here Bro. Harris delivered some of the most scorching discourses on the Scriptures as a Divine revelation, and the Christian church generally, to which we ever listened. They were quite too strong for those whom he now denounces as rejecting the Scriptures as a Divine revelation. Nevertheless, we heard him gladly, not as an oracle, and not for his censoriousness, but for his acknowledged eloquence and zeal in what he appeared to think was right and true.

After a few months had elapsed, and the mortification from the failure of his apostolic enterprise to Mountain Cove had subsided, he seemed to come more and more to himself, and preached some excellent discourses to the Spiritualists at Dodworth's Academy. Finally, his prevailing ambition to have a church began to pester him, and grew into an open demand, to which the Spiritualists did not accede, and the Mountain Cove persuasion again took control of him, and he concluded that the Divine love and wisdom of God and Christ were not permitted to penetrate the cloud of evil Spirits and flow down even through him to the reprobate minds, as he alleged them to be, which congregated to hear him at that place. This he said to them in some of his last discourses, in the plainest terms, and at the same time called on the few pure minds to go out and follow him and help to build up the kingdom of God.

Brother Harris and some others thus separated themselves from the main body of Spiritualists in this city, and they met afterward in the chapel of the University, under the assumed insignia which the Swedenborgians had long enjoyed, namely, "*The New Church*;" and in his teachings he even out-Swedenborged Swedenborg himself, much to the annoyance of many of his disciples, who feigned to know something of the philosophy of the Swedish seer before. He continued to speak there to a small company of admirers until he became persuaded (and so said), that he had been developed above their plane of comprehension, and that the Lord had prepared a man to receive the mantle of that plane of teaching, and that he had been instructed to soar aloft and go to Europe, and disseminate the supernatural wisdom there.

Subsequent to the time when he withdrew himself from

Dodworth's Academy, he took the persuasion that the higher Spirits were constantly around him warding off the evil ones, and that they were trying to develop him into a higher plane, and that to do so it was necessary that he should keep his bed; and he did so. He ate but little, and that little was brought to his bed, and in bed he wrote, or rather dictated, to his amanuensis what appeared in his publications. He was persuaded that he acted in accordance with the dictation of the apostles, Christ, and the very God, and only got up when he thought they so impressed him, which was only on Sundays, to preach.

Thus we have, with pain and sorrow, responded to the demands of the article from the *London Critic*, in giving a very brief history of Brother Harris during some fifteen years. We have not done this to injure him; far from it, but in the defense of truth, and as an illustration of a prevalent psychical phenomenon which is often mistaken for Spirit-influence, and to call Brother Harris's attention to the changes which have come over his mind, to the end that he may be less positive in his opinion as to the Divinity of his persuasion, and, above all, to be less censorious of the brethren who are not able to follow him in his sudden changes and chimerical enterprises. If also this narrative shall suggest to his friends the injury they do him by falling into his persuasions, and thus binding him more strongly in psychical chains, we shall be thankful.

Brother Harris is not to be blamed for his unfortunate organization. He is impulsive, and often speaks without consideration. He has the virtue of thinking at the time that he is right, and that he does and says all in the service of God.

In a self-consecrating spirit, Brother Harris has, it seems to us, sacrificed his manhood for a supposed Divine influx, and he is reaping the consequences of that error. It is a gross mistake, we think, in Mr. Harris to suppose that he is a living proof of the danger, mentally and physically, of cultivating the science of Spiritualism. On the contrary, he is a living proof of the danger of a too prevalent hot-house process of making mesmeric subjects, and of the abominable practice of women magnetizing men. We have been acquainted with several cases of this kind, and the uniform result shows the practice to be a disorderly one. By it the feminine qualities are engrafted into the masculine, which sooner or later unmans the man. It excites the sensor nerves at the surface, by which physical impressions are permanently fixed upon the brain, deranging its normal functions, and raking the whole man. Will and judgment are subjugated to mere sensation, and the man becomes like a tender, sensitive plant, which expands or shrivels up at the approach of the slightest influences. Man is thus unfitted for ordinary duties; his mental and physical energies are overcome by these sensational influences, which often cause the unfortunate subject to become sensorious, complaining, whining and pining away as by some fell disease. All the abominations of what is called free-loveism come from these disorderly practices of females magnetizing men. It is simply a sensational influence, and is in no sense a spiritual influence. And yet Spiritualism has suffered, is daily suffering, from the lack of discrimination in these matters.

Brother Harris has never examined Spirit facts to any considerable extent through different mediums, but has confined his Spirit-investigations chiefly to himself, and has subjected himself to these disorderly influences, and accepted their results as a boon from the highest and sweetest angels. This, with his peculiar organization, accounts for his censoriousness, and for his speaking in favor of Spiritualism in one lecture, and against it in the next. True Spirit-mediums are seldom if ever, made by artificial processes. Mesmerism, we believe, always defiles them.

What, then, is the answer to our question as to the cause of Mr. Harris's denunciation of Spiritualists in America? First. The cause is subjective rather than objective. It is in himself rather than in those whom he accuses. He assumes to say that those who do not accept his interpretation of, and teachings concerning, the Bible, reject it. He also assumes to say that Spirits and mortals who do not indorse his disorderly fantasies, are sensual, evil.

We answer finally that the cause is inherent in Brother Harris's organization, but aggravated by the blending of incongruous spheres or influences through a disordered magnetization, excited by censorious indulgences against rivals and

skeptics. His judgment is thus impaired and subject to impulses, with an indomitable self-will and lust for leadership.

It has pained us much to write this article relating to a Brother with whom we have long been intimate, and one whom we have ever cherished and highly esteemed, notwithstanding his idiosyncracies; but the accusations have made it impossible that we should thus write, or yield truth and duty to persons' words, which we cannot consent to do.

DR. CHAPIN'S LECTURE ON MARRIAGE.

Dr. Chapin has been delivering to his congregation a course of Lectures on practical subjects of late, and on Sunday evening, Feb. 5, he reached the subject of MARRIAGE.

He took for his text, "What God has joined together let not man put asunder."—Mark 10, 9.

He treated the subject substantially as follows:

The words of the text, said he, are the dictation of the highest authority, and whatever other theories may be held, they are outside of the New Testament. He said that prevailed in society, to some extent, a most shameful and practical levity respecting marriage, which saps the sanctity of the bond. But little heed is given to the significance of marriage, which grows out of the fact that it "is not good for man to be alone,"—that one being is complete only in union with another. This fact does not pertain to man only, but it is the fact in all nature; no one thing is complete in itself. All things are dependent, and their true and greatest use grows out of relations and fitness. What, asked the preacher, would the world have been to-day if Adam could have lived alone? Humanity, said he, cannot be represented by one person, but it is represented through a true marriage, and herein marriage is shown to be a Divine institution. It signifies important and perpetual relations not to be trifled with or dissolved with impunity.

He did not think it necessary to speak at length of the new and seductive theory of "affinity;" it was sufficient that marriage is a Divine ordinance. Grant that there is great lack of fitness in many cases, and that wrongs and cruelties often exist between the parties—the law can protect the abused in these relations as well as in other relations of life. But to let any one break the marriage bond at will, is like permitting a man to burn a house down because a pane of glass is broken. He does not think that the "affinity" and free love theory or practice would alleviate the hardships of married life. Marriage is a solemn act which never can be revoked. It is wrong out to be a mistake, the parties must bear the consequences, as is done in other contracts and relations of life. People should seek their affinities first, and ponder well before they consummate a union.

He thought one source of evil grew out of hasty marriages. Persons should wait and know surely whether they love, and not mistake it for passion or impulse. Think before you promise; for it will be a bond of bliss or a bond of iron. Nearly all unhappiness in married life arises from lack of true love and fitness. True marriage is based on true fitness. Married life needs the spirit of mutual concessions in true love and honor. The absence of this spirit causes unhappiness, and, in nine cases out of ten, both parties are to blame. Mercurial marriages are fruitful of most of the unhappiness. Marriage cannot with impunity be converted into merchandise. Hands joined in marriage must have hearts in them, and not gold. The latter is apt to endanger the union.

The idea that married life is one of cast and fashion is a source of unhappiness, which reflection as to its deep significance might have prevented.

The blessedness of married life arises from the blending of two natures with mutual needs in one for mutual help. The sanctity of the marriage bond is found in all nature, and consists in contributing to one another's needs. There are scarcely ever any excuses, but only explanations, for violating this Divine ordinance: "What God has joined together let not man put asunder."

The house has been filled to overflowing to hear the lectures of this course, and some estimate that half as many persons go away as are able to get inside of the house at each lecture.

The continuation of Brother Newton's interesting communication is unavoidably deferred to our next issue.

PROF. YOUNG'S LECTURES.

Prof. Young has been giving an exceedingly instructive course of lectures in the great hall of Cooper's Institute. On Monday evening, Feb. 6th, he presented substantially the following ideas:

The science of the heavens tends to expand the human mind, and to enlarge its contemplations, and to work a revolution in thought.

There has never been found a satisfactory explanation for the existence of different plants in different locations. We find that the sun exercises a triturating force upon terrestrial atoms, and a chemical force upon the materials of the animal organism. The electrical and magnetic condition of the earth is due to the action of the sun, and magnetism is varied by heat. Vapors are taken up and carried over continents and oceans; the particles of matter which they contain, on becoming solidified, fill up oceans and make mountains; the alterations of pressure caused by these changes are thought to produce volcanoes.

Our sun is a star, and stars are suns. Their size, as they appear to us, depends on their nearness. We are revolving round our central sun with several neighbors, forming a group. The naked eye discerns stars, the light of which takes five hundred years to reach us. There are stars so distant, that it has taken millions of years for their light to reach us, and there is no knowing the extent and magnitude of the universe.

The heavens are a historic panorama passing before us. We do not see it as it exists to-day, but as it was years on years ago, at the time when the light we now see was given off. All suns and stars have a radiatory efflux of light and heat, which calls life into existence. There is sufficient heat in the sun to melt a column of ice one hundred feet high, or a belt of ice round our globe one hundred feet thick. Calculate this force by horse-power, and we find the action of the sun on our earth is fifty millions of horse-power per second. The heat of the stars would melt a belt of ice eighty-five feet thick.

Animal bodies generate a poison which, if retained five minutes, would destroy them. Nature has put into our throats an apparatus which breaks up the deadly poisons issuing from us into scintillations and vocal sounds, which vibrate and mix with the surrounding atmosphere.

Heat is the result of motion. We may change one pound of water into steam, and change it back again to water. This is all done mechanically, by motion, showing that heat is not substantive. Rub two pieces of ice together below freezing temperature, and enough heat will be generated to melt them. Factories are warmed by the running of machinery. The heat in our earth is generated by its motion; and its moving with the atmosphere and other bodies gives much less friction and heat than there would be if it could stand still amidst universal motion; and were its course to be entirely arrested, enough heat would be instantly generated to consume fourteen times its bulk of anthracite coal.

There are innumerable bodies called meteors, nebulae and stones, of different sizes, moving in the atmosphere. Some seven or eight hundred of them fall on our earth every year, some of which appear like melted lava, and some have a sulphurous odor. The cause of their heat is arrested motion. Suppose these bodies revolved round the sun, and that, by attraction, one after another should strike and fall into the sun, it would require but twelve feet of friction surface to produce all the heat which the sun gives out.

Heat generates colors like the rainbow, which only indicate its degree. Electricity and magnetism are but degrees of heat.

It has been held that the acorn contains the potential principles of the oak, which is shown to be preposterous. Cells are formed and become impregnated with life from the sun. When the cell is broken, the forces return back again to nature. The tendency is to work up all forces into vitality.

The Telegraph to Skeptics for Three Months, only 25 cents.

As an inducement to our generous patrons to bring the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism to the attention of their skeptical neighbors by giving them this paper, we will send you a copy of the current quarter, for One Dollar, or one copy, during the current half year ending in May next, for Fifty Cents.

LETTER FROM A MAN SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

We do not suppose our esteemed correspondent expected us to publish his letter, for he seems to think, like many other aged people, that he does not know much. Undoubtedly he has got this idea from foolish fops telling him so. We take the liberty to publish his letter, first, because we think the old gentleman knows enough to not be fastidious about his name coming before the public if, in such a case, instruction may be imparted and good done; second, we publish his letter because it is instructive, and because it shows how the earlier settlers of our rough country acquired so much knowledge. It shows that if they did not have schools, they at least had the desire for knowledge, and it shows what pains they took to acquire it. They availed themselves of whatever instructive books they could lay their hands upon, and read them, and reflected on their suggestions, lent them to their neighbors, and interchanged thoughts one with another. The letter also shows what self-culture will do to people who are in earnest for it. It shows to what conclusions unsophisticated or unsectarianized minds will come, and, above all, it shows what modern Spiritualism is doing—the supremacy of fact over theory for self-culture. It shows the natural adaptation of spiritual phenomena to the needs of humanity, and especially to those approaching the boundaries of the natural world and earth life. The letter is very suggestive otherwise to those who have minds to agitate. We are grateful to our friend for his kind offer of the loan of rare books, and shall endeavor to avail ourselves of them.

FOOTVILLE, ROCK CO., WIS., Jan. 15, 1860.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE: *Dear Sir*—I read a short piece in the TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER, requesting all persons having ancient records to send them in, and lend them to you. I have some that I can lend you if you wish it, namely, Cornelius Agrippa—Astrology of the nineteenth century, teaching Magia as it was understood by the ancients. I have also copied the biggest part of Francis Barrett on Magia. If you have never seen those books, perhaps they would be interesting to you. I can lend you the Astrology and Magia if you desire it.

I lent Libbey's Astrology—two large volumes—to a man about eighteen years ago, who then lived in Brooklyn, by the name of Harlow Matthews, a Magician, and have never heard from him or the book since; he is probably dead. If it should be convenient for you, you might make inquiries relative to him and them; if you can find them you will be welcome to them. I paid ten dollars for the two—my name was written in them.

If you desire it, I can send said book some time in the month of March or April, in a box by express. We have to go about ten miles to the express office, and we have to wait for a convenient chance to send.

I am about seventy-one years of age, and was brought up in the wilds of Oneida Co., among Indians and ignorant white people. I have not much education—I am plagued for suitable language to express my ideas; but I must use what little talent I have. I have studied everything that I could hear of, and have been able to satisfy my own mind on every subject except one, and that is of more consequence than all the others; that is, What will be the condition of human beings after the death of their earthly bodies? But since modern Spiritualism has been made manifest, I have no doubt that human Spirits do exist. I believe that God, or the all-wise Creator, is not the God that the Jews worshipped; I believe him to be that principal of life that is the first controlling and moving cause of everything that is organized, and that He never had a beginning; that the first elements never had a beginning, and that the Creator has full control of said elements, and that all organisms and creatures had their beginning from the aforesaid principles, and have been progressing from the lower to the higher, and will continue to progress without end, and never come to that degraded refinement that the Creator is of. I believe that all creatures that exist in the Spirit-world once had earthly organs. I find plenty of proof in the Bible that a human Spirit in the Spirit-world, and an angel, and the Lord, and the God of the Jews, are all one and the same, and that they all once were clothed with human organs, and that they now have spiritual organs. Nothing can not produce something. My senses have taught me that spiritual beings have made manifest to human beings in this mundane state, many things that are truthful and useful, and it is moving the old sectarian rubbish over the dam of no small rate. The doctrine of endless punishment is on the decline, and the idea that the Creator is a personal being is going the same way—and the belief that there exists a personal devil is fading away as fast as the times will admit. The idea that the sufferings of the innocent will atone for the sins of others

* Will somebody give us (by note addressed to us or otherwise) information about Harlow Matthews or Libbey's astrology?

is on the decline, and many other old musty sectarian articles of faith will soon go over the dam.

I should be more generous towards Spiritualism were it not that the hard times here found me in debt, and I have hard scratching to keep along without sacrificing. I am friendly to the cause, and am of the opinion that it will prevail. The ancients raised Spirits by a sort of invocation or command, and they kept the art a secret from the common people. The outlines of ceremonial Magia may be found in the Book of the particulars they kept a secret. You can see the outlines in the eighth, ninth and tenth chapters of Daniel. Those Spirits that impressed him were, without doubt, once clothed with human organs. My simple ideas are such that you will most likely be tired of reading them. THOMAS WILSON.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

Mr. Eboron: I have been much delighted with that department of your paper devoted to the discussions of the Spiritual Conference. They have been sometimes profound, and never uninteresting. Yet I wish the members would wade into deeper water, engage in deeper questions, than whether a taste for tobacco and alcohol may extend into the future life. Such are questions, it is admitted, that common sense, independent of all science, is able to answer.

Doubtless organic or vegetative life can not be extended beyond the physical and material into the Spirit-spheres of existence; for the plain reason, that neither nutrition nor any of its conjoined stimulations are required there. The material, earthly body can not be continued in life a week without ingesta received into the stomach, the receptacle whence all the material for nutrition of the body are exclusively supplied. It is better, of course, that pure material only should be supplied for the purpose above; but that there should be no possible failure in the process of nutrition, the stomach and organic system generally have the faculty of resisting, and even digesting, poison when intermixed with other food.

But the Spirit-body can have no organic or vegetative life. If I understand what has been revealed from the Spirit-world, life is there sustained by other modes than eating and drinking. There is no such thing there as composition and decomposition, in the alternations of which our material earthly life alone exists. Can it be for a moment supposed, that an unembodied Spirit requires ingesta daily food for support, and consequently has ingesta from decomposition? I have a better idea of the Spirit-world than such a conception implies. All sensual appetite, of whatever kind, must of necessity cease utterly at the death of the earthly body—from cayenne pepper and opium, up through the whole scale of stimulants, opium, alcohol, tobacco, to hashish and arsenic.

A pertinent question follows for the consideration of your Conference, namely, if organic or vegetative life (stomach and digestion with their consequences) cease with the earth, is the Spirit-body in every respect like ours? If I understand what has been represented by both clairvoyants and mediums, there is a Spirit-body which is properly ourselves, of just the shape and proportion, with all the features, complexion, and expression, as that we all wear every day on earth, which at death casts off the flesh as but an outer garment—the old clothes of the individual proper—the reappears in a new life with all his original (not organic) functions, his reason and consciousness being essentially the same.

Now to come directly to the point at which I am aiming: If organic life, or the organic functions are not required in the Spirit-life, to what purpose is any organism for that function? Why are lungs, liver, bowels, or even the organs of reproduction, necessary? These questions I have never seen propounded, but they would be much more interesting if answered, to me at least, than many I have seen offered at sittings with Spirits. It is well known to every physiologist that the inner organs of the embryo immediately change after birth. The lungs act—which never expanded before; the circulation of blood instantly after takes a new direction; new organs develop, and old and now useless organs shrivel. In analogy with this, shall we have appetite at all in our Spirit-existence? For how can we have it if it is so that we shall have no organs whatever of vegetative life?

Again, as to other organs of the vegetative life—those, namely, of reproduction. These in man are in a defective state, greater than in any other animal, and in woman, as to the breasts, to an abstract artistic point of view to me at

least, but little better. It is not at all supposable that reproduction will continue in our better life, and if so, why continue those outrageous appendages which all artists of the purest taste always study to conceal; not so much from the suggestions of modesty, as that they are positive excrecences deforming the general symmetry of the human body. I am aware that it is plainly intimated by the very configuration as well as the nature of the superficies of the human body, that it was intended to be always clothed; yet, notwithstanding, when I see through all things, as far as my perception extends, ends and means ever conformed and adapted to each other, I can not avoid the above thoughts. Beside, clothes do not always cover up our deformities, and one who has had to endure the presence of an enormous wen through his earth-life, might demand in equal justice, at least in an æsthetic point of view, that he should not be destined to wear that same wen throughout an existence continued indefinitely; and do we not on earth know the man always best by his wen?

These remarks I suggest to the consideration of the Conference, much wishing for a solution of the questions I have referred to, and having many others to suggest which, as one at a distance from the great centers of thought, I would be much obliged to have considered.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A FIRE TEST.

Several years ago while I was untouched by "Spiritualism," believing I could explain everything of the kind by mesmerism, I was invited by a friend to step up to his room, and hastily, five or six of us were together. I was acquainted with all, and more than half were unbelievers. A young man was "influenced" in pantomime to answer various questions, when a pettifogging lawyer, a hard skeptic, said he wanted to ask about the Bible. "It is," said he, "the hardest book, and tells the hardest yarns I ever read; for instance, that story about the three boys thrown into Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, what do you say to that?"

The medium changed in manner, paused an instant, and extending the forefinger of the right hand, laid it in the *low candle on the burning wick!* then turned to the questioner and said, "It is true! It is blind to reject, simply because you can not explain. If you will recall the narrative, it says there were four persons seen in the furnace, and but three put in. This fourth person brought to bear a law which shielded them from fire. There is such a law or principle, as this may prove to you." All this while, and with many more words, he held his finger without trembling, or apparent sensation, in the burning tallow, occupying, probably, two or three minutes. I watched the finger closely. As he drew it away it was blackened with soot; he wet it with his tongue, wiped it off on his pants, and his arm dropped at his side. I lifted the hand. I looked at the finger, felt of it, smelt of it, and it was unharmed!

The candle burned my finger when I tried it! It is said diluted sulphuric acid will protect the hands against melted lead. I do not know of any "chemicals" which can protect my finger, in not boiling, but burning oil! But I knew all the parties, and the medium possesses no such alchymic knowledge. The meeting was accidental, the question unexpected, and the answer a stunner, and the test of truth altogether unlooked for.

This fact does not stand alone; it has been paralleled a hundred times! Let the facts all come out!

NAROLI, Jan. 7, 1860.

C. H. BALDWIN.

"Beware of Dogs."—Philippians 3: 2.

It is not often we find anything in our Universalist contemporaries to copy into these columns, and we are happy to avail ourselves of the opportunity to show that they are beginning to be more spiritually inclined—that they are struggling to separate themselves from dogs, to raise above dogmatism, and to rebuke "irrepressible conflicts" in broad aisles and pulpits. Mr. Hanson, of the Gospel Banner, preaches from the text "Beware of Dogs," as follows:

There is an evil that most country preachers have been obliged to experience, that ought not to exist. We allude to the intolerable habit that many people have, particularly in the country, of carrying their dogs to church with them. The custom does not prevail to any great extent in the larger villages, and less in the winter than in the summer; and as it is now winter, and as some time has elapsed since we preached in the country, where we suffered any inconvenience from this

evil, we can say a word or two on the subject without being invidious.

How many times, when we have been in church, during the solemnities of prayer, has a dirty cur set up a yelp, or in obedience to Dr. Watts, delighted to "bark and bite," as another has opposed him. How many times, while a hymn was being sung, has a mongrel dog pitched his own voice to a key higher, and to a note louder than the music of the choir. And how often have we endeavored in vain to keep the attention of the audience, especially of the young, as some dog, perhaps with his tail rolled up so hard as almost to lift him off his hind legs, has trotted up the aisle, and peradventure entered the pulpit, and seating himself therein, looked down upon those beneath, who have found it impossible to control their risibles; or perhaps has rolled himself up in a ball on the sofa, after caressing his head awhile and lifting his ears in futile attempts to understand the preacher. And more than once have we been obliged to suspend our voice until "Tay, Blanche and Sweetheart" got through with a free fight in the broad aisle, or perhaps have been ignominiously kicked out of doors, filling the air meanwhile with a pitiful *ki-yi*. What country preacher has not seen a titter run round his congregation as some one has stepped on the toe or tail of a dog, and extorted from him a direful yell? Who has not seen the sanctuary violated, and who has not been annoyed, outraged, disgusted, by a dog fight in church? Bring all the babies to church, cross ones and all, within ten miles, and let the time be divided between the noise of the little innocents and the noisier efforts of their mothers to still them; tie the horses outside within reach of each other, so that they can kick and neigh, and whinney all service time, to the discomfort and annoyance of the worshippers; do all this, and more, if you will, oh hearers of the Word, but do leave your dogs at home! Don't let them trot through the aisles and up and down the pulpit stairs, or bark and growl, and yell and fight in the church, or stand as we once saw a great lop-eared villain, on his hind legs, with his fore legs resting on the rail of the orchestra, looking ridiculously down on an audience that could see or think of nothing else but him. If you have any regard for the sanctities of the church, and wish that those whose risibilities are easily excited should not have reverential feelings all scattered—if you have any desire that the services of the temple of God should be conducted "decently and in order," give ear to the Apostle, and "*Beware of dogs!*"

VISION OF DEATH.

BY JOHN B. BROWN.

Beside Death's lonely river,
Why should I shrink and shiver
As wearily I stand?
A host of bright immortals
Unveil the crystal portals
Of the blest Spirit-land.

They now approach to cheer me;
I know that they are near me:
I feel their quickening powers:
Kind, loving words they're breathing—
My burning brow they're wreathing
With sweet celestial flowers.

With songs of joy and gladness,
They dissipate my sadness,
And doubt and fear depart:
They tell a wondrous story,
Of light, and love, and glory,
While rapture thrills my heart.

My faith and hope grow stronger;
Why should I linger longer
Where all things feel decay?
To realms of life eternal,
And happiness supernal,
I now would flee away.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—The following are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:

To know a trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.
To marry without any regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents or friends.

To have a wife and children dependent upon the contingency of business, and in case of sudden death leave them wholly unprotected for.

To put on hireling strangers the literary, moral and religious education of children.

To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculations.

To cheat the governments, if possible.

To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

To build houses with nine and six inch walls, and go to the funeral of tenants, firemen and others killed by their fall, sweeping over the mysterious dispensation of Providence.

To build up cities and towns without parks, and call postages a visitation of God.

ANECDOTE OF JEFFERSON.—A smart shower had fallen during the fore noon, and when they got back to Moore's Creek, the water was running up to the saddle girths of a horse. An ordinary western appearing man was sitting on the bank with a saddle in his hands. He waited until all the party had entered the stream but Mr. Jefferson, and then asked him for a ride across. To swim up to a stone, and sit him to mount, or crutch, and carry him to the opposite bank, was a matter of course. In a few moments the party in the rear, who had witnessed the affair, overtook our bearded pedestrian, stretching away at a stately pace along the foot of Carter's mountain. "Say," quoth a junior, "what made you let the young men go and ask that gentleman to carry you over the creek?" "Well," said Kentucky, in broad patois, "if you want to know, I'll tell you. I reckon a man carries yes or no in his face—the young chaps face said no—the old un's said yes." "It isn't every man that would have asked the President of the United States for a ride behind him," said the other, expecting, perhaps, to blank the bold visage of Kentucky. "If such was his object, however, he was very much mistaken. 'You don't say that was Tom Jefferson, do you?' was the reply, and he immediately added 'he's a . . . fine old fellow, anyway.'" That was the President, was the response. Kentucky looked up and looked round, the locally well known to travelers at once carrying conviction to his mind. He appeared to be in a brown study for a moment, the man's face features then relaxed; he burst into a loud laugh, and thus he spoke: "What do you suppose my wife, Polly, will say when I get back to Boone County, and tell her I've rid behind Jefferson? she'll say I voted for the right man!"

THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1860.—Though the total eclipse of the sun, which is to take place next year, will not be visible in England it will be accompanied by so many phenomena that we think a brief account of what those who may be more fortunately situated may expect to see, will be of interest to our readers. The eclipse will commence in California, and terminate on the borders of the Red Sea. Passing along about the 60th degree of latitude, and quitting the American continent at Hudson's Strait, it will cross the Atlantic to the Spanish shore, and for some minutes something like one-fourth of Spain will be in total darkness. The shadow will continue its course over Africa, crossing the Nile to the north of Dongola, and finally quitting the earth in Ethiopia. During the eclipse, the planets Mercury, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn will be visible together, arranged in the form of a rhomboid—an occurrence so rare that some centuries will elapse before such a spectacle can be witnessed again; indeed, the eclipse will be of a character that will be unequaled during the present century.

A RUSSIAN HOT-HOUSE.—Bayard Taylor thus describes the magnificent green-house which the Czar maintains for the production and growth of tropical and other exotic plants, and the source of Russia. The Botanical Garden, contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in latitude 50 deg., you may walk through an avenue of palm-trees sixty feet high, under two tiers and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid flowers, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of the giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer and a long, dark winter of the north require a peculiar course of treatment for these children of the sun. During the three warm months they are forced as much as possible so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive qualities of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After this result is obtained, it thrives as readily as in a more favorable climate. The palm (a phoenix, I believe) is now in blossom, which is an unheard-of event in such a latitude.

AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.—"Generation after generation," says a fair writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our fathers. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring, yet unborn, that she had once for us as children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled and no shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness like the worms. And, it may be, for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Tears will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and gleam again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names."

WEBSTER AND CROCKET.—No two characters could be made more dissimilar than those of Webster and Crockett. One had penetrated to the profoundest depths of law, statesmanship, and diplomacy. The other had penetrated the profoundest depths of the forest, and was a passionate lover of the wild delights. Crockett paid Webster a compliment that both pleased and amused him. It is related that when his celebrated speech on Foot's resolutions was published, he sent a copy of it to Davy Crockett. Shortly afterward, Davy called upon him to make his acknowledgments for the favor—remarking that it was the only speech he had ever been able to read without the aid of a dictionary. Mr. Webster, it is said, frequently remarked that, although perhaps a compliment was not intended, none was ever bestowed upon him that he valued so highly.

PHOENIX BARK.—An Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a river, for the purpose of quenching his thirst, conceiving himself incurable, drank large and copious draughts of the stream, which, having imbibed the virtues of the bark from the tree which grew upon its margin, soon vanquished the fever, and he returned to his astonished friends perfectly restored. The singularity of the circumstance excited their surprise, and asked their superstitious; the indisposed crowded around the holy stream as they sensed it, and experienced its healing effects, without being able to discover the cause from which it was derived. The signs of the tribes, however, found out, at length, in what it consisted, and disclosed the important secret. In the year 1640, the Americans became acquainted with the use of this excellent medicine; and, in 1644, the same extended into Spain, Italy, and Rome, through the representation of Cardinal Lugo, and other Jesuits, who had been to surprising and wonderful effects. Hence it is often called *Jesuit's Bark*.

FRANCE'S SILKS.—The Agricultural Bureau of the United States Patent office, have received intelligence of the shipment from Lyons, France, of a large quantity of Lombardy silks. They are of larger size than the ordinary ones, and, having a longer bill, are able to suck worms (and are sometimes one hundred and fifty pounds of honey in one week). These silks will not be disturbed until 1861, by which time it is expected to rear from the worms now in transit, enough for 225 hundred hives.

THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.—What shall I say of this greatest and most singular of all cities? A volume is needed to describe it, without attempting to give its history. I have read of old Nineveh and Babylon below the ground, and seen and handled the works of art which have been disinterred and created so much admiration on both sides of the Atlantic; but one living Jeddah, above the ground, is worth a hundred old Jeddahs below it. I cannot give you an idea of it, it is so unique, so unlike everything except itself, and so impossible, as you will think. I have seen several places of interest, and maintained a cool head, but I was bewildered and confounded when I saw this. It is situated on the western shore of this charming gulf, twenty miles wide by twenty-four long. It stretches for twenty miles and more along a beach of a semi-circular form, with its horns turned outwards, and along which a street extends, crowded with blocks of stores and houses, and teeming with moving crowds, while shopkeepers, artisans, women and children seem equally numerous within doors and at the doors. Indeed, a dozen or fifteen miles might be added to the length of the city in this direction, since there is nothing but an unbroken succession of towns and villages for this distance, which are as populous and well-built as the city itself. In crossing the city from the shore to the western outskirts I have walked two miles and a half, and then proceeded on horseback for ten miles more, making twelve and a half in the whole, while in other places it may be wider still. According to the lowest estimate, the city covers an area equal to seven of the New England farming towns, which were usually six miles square. And all is traversed by streets, usually wide, well constructed, perfectly neat, and crossing each other at right angles—streets lined with houses and stores as compactly as they can be built, and crowded with moving or stationary masses as thick as in our Washington street or New York Broadway, at least for considerable distances. The population is estimated generally at three millions, which Mr. Harris, our Minister, thinks is no exaggeration. For my part, judging from what I have seen when I have gone into the heart of the city, and crossed the city from side to side, I should be willing to add as many millions more; for the living, moving masses, seen from sunrise to sunset, and everywhere the same, fairly seemed beyond computation. (One city as large as seven fine towns in Berkshire county, and containing a population three times as large as that of the whole state of Massachusetts! That is enough to think of for a moment.)—*Japan Correspondence of the Boston Traveler.*

PROVERBS AGAINST PROVERBS.—Every man may find a weapon to suit him if he goes to this armory. The holders of the most diverse heresies, political or religious, may light upon some adage which serves at least as an apology for their heterodoxy. Nevertheless, though proverbs apparently controvert each other, they are rarely contradictory, but express different modes of looking at the same truth; are the silver and the golden sides of the same shield. Inasmuch as proverbs are brief, narratives will greatly vary. Take, for instance, the subject to which, probably, one tenth of existing proverbs is devoted. A well-worn quotation calls women "ministering angels;" but the German says, "There are only two good women in the world, one is dead, and the other can not be found." Woman's extravagance is a theme on which all nations have enlarged. Say the Italians: "A beautiful woman smiling bespeaks a weeping purse." But, on the other hand, say the not generally gallant Italians, "Men make wealth, and women preserve it," while the Danes affirm that "He drives a good wagon full into his farm who gets a good wife." Women are so covetous that the French accustomed to marriages of convenience, assert that "A rich man is never ugly in the eyes of a girl." The punishment the decree is, that "A covetous woman should have a swindling gallant." Women are terribly vain. "A woman strong in flounces, is weak in the head," the Germans declare; they add, too, that, "Every woman would rather be handsome than good." "For whom does the blind man's wife adorn herself?" ask the Italians. Without any qualification, the Spaniard asserts that "A handsome woman is either ally or ruin." But though so full of vanity, it does not seem that they are lighter than vanity itself, else the skipper would never have said, "All freight lighter," when he threw his wife overboard.—*Little words of Wisdom, in the National Magazine.*

TOUCHING GLASSES IN DRINKING.—A writer in the *Historical Magazine*, for November, thus attempts to explain the origin of the habit of touching glasses in drinking. "One branch of my ancestry was Scotch, and devoted adherents of Charles Stuart. While a boy, my father possessed a heavy cut-throat, basket-hilted sword, which one of the Richardson family, my father's maternal ancestor, had used at Culloden. From him this tradition descended to the family, as to touching glasses. When, after the failure of the expedition of the so-called Pretender, Prince Charles, in 1715, that Prince crossed to France, his supporters were beset with spies on every hand; it frequently happened that they were placed in situations where they could not, with safety, refuse to respond to the common toast, 'The health of the King.' It was understood between the faithful that when 'the King' was drunk, it was 'the King o'er the water'; and to express this symbolically, one glass was passed over another. This, in time, was modified to the silent touching of glasses. In the lower part of South Carolina and Virginia, generally settled with cavaliers, the habit has prevailed and spread wherever their descendants have gone to the South and West. It is the habit of men to-day, in drinking, to touch glasses invariably, but I have never known the custom explained by any one else. You may rely upon this being its true exposition."

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—A friend in Naples says: "Vesuvius has been tolerably quiet of late; that is to say, it has not been making any great external demonstrations. On the 28th of last month, however, about midnight, another mouth was opened at the bottom of the crater, whence issued yellow and green circles of fire. The crater of which I speak is the one nearest the Herculaneum, and is constantly throwing out smoke, ashes and lapilli." "At the foot of the mountain," says the old guide, "where five currents of lava are to be seen, there is a grotto, which I entered, and I could distinctly hear large masses of stone falling, as it were, from the internal summit of the crater to the bottom of it, showing, as it appeared to me, a vacuum, and the not improbable event, some time or other, of a fall in the crust of the cone of the mountain." The currents of lava which traversed the country are now at rest, and except a batch of fire here and there, nothing is to be seen from Naples. It is worthy of notice, that previous to the destruction of Pompeii, Vesuvius was in a state of eruption for seven years; currents of lava spread over the neighboring lands, and at last the mountain of Souman opened, and separated in two parts, covering Pompeii and Herculaneum, and reducing them, outwardly, to a vast plain, covered over with ashes. Will there be a similar termination to the present long-continued eruption?"

POUR IN KNOWLEDGE GENTLY.—Plato observed, that the minds of children were like bottles with very narrow mouths: if you attempt to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge is wasted and little retained; whereas, with a small stream, they were easily filled. Those who would make young children prodigies, act as wisely as if they would pour a pail of water into a pint measure.

WHAT SORT OF KATISSO SEAT.—It is well-known that Frenchmen are strongly inclined to judge of the civilization of any people by the knowledge of gastronomy which that people manifest. They themselves have done more to enrich the cuisine of the world than any other nation. We knew of a Frenchman who came to this country, and who found that he could make every bird and animal here palatable except a turkey buzzard. A few months ago a French scholar wrote a work in recommendation of what he called hippophagy, which means, in plain English, eating horse beef. For a while horse-beef was quite a favorite dish in Paris. Now, a M. Anselmier has read a paper before the French academy of medicine on autophagy, or eating one's self. That might be economical for a few days, but we should think that it would hardly furnish a pleasant and healthy steady diet. We have seen no full version of M. Anselmier's essay, but we believe that he does not propose autophagy as a substitute for the present mode of eating. He only attempts to show the physicians that in the process of starvation the body really consumes itself until its temperature falls and death ensues, and that life can be prolonged by slight bleeding and drinking the blood. The butchers and bakers need not be alarmed by his theory.—*Providence Journal.*

THE FOLKERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or a fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by mistake it did go foremost, he would stop back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get into a cellar or under ground to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and remained in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so; whenever he set foot on one, he would shrink out in distress and agony. Byron would never help anyone to salt at table, nor would he be helped himself; if any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.—*Musical World.*

SPEAK WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a perfect paradise. How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips go forth on their mission like foul fumes, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failing of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian and shows a despicable heart.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.—It may not be generally known that this favorite sport of childhood is of French origin and of very high antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages. In the year 292, Liège reckoned among its valiant chiefs Jean Colin. He owed the name of Maillard to his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in fight he used literally to crush his opponents. In one of these frolics, of such perpetual recurrence in those times, he encountered the Count de Lorraine in a pitched battle, and, in the first onset, Colin Maillard lost both his eyes; he ordered his squire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and furiously brandishing his mallet did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him. When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms, he lavished favors and honors upon him, and so great was the fame of the exploit, that it was commemorated in the pantomime representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age; by degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of the familiar sport. The blindfolded puer, as with bandaged eyes and extended hand, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, seems in some degree to repeat the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in our name of "Blind Man's Buff." It would seem, then, that the game is nothing less than a myth in action, having for its nucleus the historic fact of this feat of arms.

TEARS EATEN.—People who eat what they know to be unwholesome, have no right to expect sympathy when sick. For example, young ladies who live principally on candies, pastry and sweetmeats, thereby engendering dyspepsia and sick headache, become corroding the enamel of their teeth and spoiling their complexion, ought not to murmur when outraged nature visits them with painful twinges, or to sigh when narrow visages return their gaze from the mirror, or to look for consolation from persons who prefer health to bonbons and preserves. We would not recommend our fair readers to breakfast on beer and beef steaks, as "maids of honor" did in Queen Elizabeth's reign, but as the risk of being thought impertinent, we venture to hint that confectory eaten habitually and in large quantities, is very little better than slow poison.

LONGEVITY.—Betty Roberts, now living in Liverpool, was born at Northrop, Flintshire, in June, 1749, or the twenty-second year of the reign of George II. and has thus attained one hundred and two years of age, and from present appearances may yet arrive several years. Her frame, though shrunken and withered, is still erect, and her gait steady, and she boasts being equal to three miles an hour with the aid of a stick. Her hearing and eyesight are good. She has been married but has survived her husband thirty-six years. Two of her four children are living at sixty-nine and eighty years of age. She attributes her great length of life chiefly to simple habits and states to have never used intoxicating liquors. She is, certainly, quite a prodigy.—*News and Queries.*

I TOLD YOU SO.—A woman who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of any unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many another we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing in to the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, wife, wife! what do you think! The old brute cow has gone and cut up our grandchild!" The old woman was ready, and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out, at the top of her lungs: "I told you so, you old fool! I told you so! You always would be a stand-out-shore!"

Of all notions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.

WEEKLY ITEMS AND GLEANINGS

ITALIAN LIBERTY.—The prospect for the liberty of Italy seems to be brightening. England and France have completed a commercial treaty on the basis of Free Trade, and the alliance, owing to the well-known sympathies of the present English government with the aspirants for freedom in Italy, gives strength to the ardent disposition of Louis Napoleon to free the Italian States from Austrian and Papal despotism. The French Emperor has said to the Pope, virtually, that his secular dominion over the Romagna must be abandoned, or maintained by his own arms and at his own cost, as no foreign aid will be permitted him in quelling the revolt which now subsists in those States. With the previously declared purpose, by the Emperor, of preventing the forcible restoration of the exiled Austrian governors to the dukedoms of Modena and Tuscany, this new turn of affairs seems to promise nearly all the Italian patriots could wish.

DEATH OF W. E. BARTON.—The death of W. E. Barton, the distinguished Comedian, manager of the Winter Garden Theater, the city, took place at his residence in Hudson-street, on Friday morning of last week. He had for some weeks been laboring under a painful disease of the heart, and his death was daily anticipated.

WRECK OF THE NORTHERN.—The California steamer *Northern* has been wrecked, and thirty-eight of her passengers were lost. This calamity took place on the 5th of January, four miles from Cape Mendocino, in latitude 40 deg. 30 min., by striking a rock hidden by the surface of the water, while the vessel was on her way from San Francisco to Victoria and Olympia, with the mails.

HON. A. H. REINE.—One of the former Governors of Kansas, who were captivated for their honesty, declines giving his friends permission to use his name as a candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

THE WINSBORO (S. C.) REGISTER. records the following narrow escape. Dr. Turner and his young wife, the daughter of Mr. James Leamon, of this district, were going to Jackson's Creek church in this district, on the 1st of January, a large tree, about two feet in diameter, fell immediately between the horses and the carriage, without injuring either the animals, the driver, or those in the carriage.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Providence Journal*, at Florence, says: Information from Ancona states that, every week hundreds of recruits for the Papal service arrive at that port from Trieste, all bearing the hated Austrian device. From Rome also are sent companies of carabinieri, formed from the dragoons of the Swiss that have left the service of the king of Naples. The population of the unhappy city (Ancona) are in despair at their isolation, and hardly know from what quarter help can come.

THERE is a firm in Troy who make cards for rubbing down horses, and a smaller size for combing the hair of negroes. Strangers as it may seem, these horse cards are found to be the best things out for smoothing the wool of slaves, and they are shipped to the South in large quantities for that purpose. The firm is now filling an order for 20,000 to go to New Orleans. They are ornamented with a pictorial label, representing two darkies, each with a mud in his or her hand, preparing for the toilet.

A LEONARD letter states that on the 17th, an English frigate entered the harbor and saluted the town, the batteries of which at once responded. This event caused great rejoicing, for it was remembered that several English ships of war had touched at Leghorn since the departure of the Grand Duke, but none of them had saluted. The salute was interpreted as a recognition by the English government of the fall of the Grand Duke, and as a first fruit of the French and English alliance.

Some of the German journals announce seriously that a company of English capitalists have made an application to the King of Naples for a concession for the extinction of Vesuvius. The principal seat of the fire of that volcano is situated several thousand feet below the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which would carry the water into the crater, the fire would be completely extinguished, and the operation, which would only cost two millions of francs, would restore to cultivation land of ten times that value.

While the Davis County, Indiana, Common Pleas Court was in session at Washington, on Friday, Judge Clements presiding, a stranger stepped up in front of the Judge, and, pointing a pistol toward him, remarked, "Now, old gentleman, I've got you!" Judge Clements instantly called upon the bystanders to seize him, which was instantly done, with great difficulty, and the pistol taken from him, requiring the united exertion of half a dozen men to wrest the weapon from his hand. It was subsequently ascertained that the man was insane. He is a citizen of Martin county.

A NEW PLANET.—It was announced a few months ago, that M. Le Verrier had discovered perturbations in the motion of Mercury which led him to suspect the existence of a planet, or, at least, a number of them, between that body and the sun. It appeared, however, that at the very time M. Le Verrier was making his calculations, a young French physician, M. Loecheant, was making observations upon a small planetary body between Mercury and the sun. The record of these observations, made in the most primitive manner, with a pencil upon a white wood plank, were lately obtained by M. Le Verrier, and held before the French *Académie des Sciences*. The new planet is said to have an orbital period of about three weeks.

THE DOOR OF CRIMINALITY.—The long-mooted fact that the Empress Eugenie had determined to abolish criminal cases announced in a quasi-official manner by the lady who signs the *Commissaire de la Mode* of the *Paris Patrie*, the Viscountess de Remusat.

A. J. Davis at Dodworth's.

Andrew Jackson Davis will lecture every Sunday morning and evening during February.

Mrs. Hatch's Lectures.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch lectures at Hope Chapel regularly on Sundays at 8 o'clock, and at half-past 7 o'clock in the evening.

Spiritual Conferences are held Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in Clinton Hall, Eighth-street. Also Tuesday evenings at half-past 7 o'clock to which the public are cordially invited.

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